

WINNING OF CLARA

By H. L. STERRET.

"Dear me, Will, why will you be so annoying? When you're nice, I'm sure you are very nice, but when you begin to talk that way—"

"What do you expect a chap to do?" asked Will Sinclair, as he dug his heels into the soft earth beside the fallen tree on which they were sitting.

"I simply love you, and I must say so," "That's just it," said Clara, English, putting, "There's no doubt you say it often enough. For two weeks you have said hardly anything else. Frankly, I'm weary of your swan song. Please don't begin all over again."

"You are a heartless flirt," said the young man coldly, as he rose to his feet. "You have accepted my attentions, well knowing your power, have led me on, and when I admit my love, scorn me."

"I like you very much, Will," said the girl, lifting her shy eyes. "That is, when you are good. But love is not everything. Oh, I know you have money, but what I want is somebody who will be my master, who will rule me. I want to be run away with; clope, or do something. This thing of loving and wedding just like ordinary folks is revolting to my soul. Now when you do something grand, or smash a record somewhere, come back and we'll talk it all over. I'm going in to tea now, so goodbye."

Will gazed after the lithe, supple figure of his sweetheart as she walked away toward the distant farmhouse where they were putting in their vacation. He was filled with moodiness and disgust.

He jumped up, and striking his cane wrathfully against an offending stump, was about to follow in the wake of the disappearing girl, when he heard a low chuckle beside him. Turning, he saw the wrinkled and whiskered face of the farmer grinning cheerfully. Jasper Stubbins, farmer and horse swapper, had a keen sense of the absurd, but also a heart big enough for two men.

"I heard you makin' love to the gal," he said. "An' I heard what she said back to you. Now don't git mad, young feller. I'm twice your age an' I've bin through it all. Lord sakes, I mind when I was courtin' Mandy, how she kept me a guessin'. That girl's a likely colt, but she needs to be broke. Want to try?"

"What do you mean by spyin' on me?" demanded the youth angrily.

"Wouldn't git huffy, if I was you," calmly responded the old man. "That's a gal with saving, an' she kin be had. You know she's goin' down to Miss Berry's past the bend in the lane to-night arter supper, an' you oughter set out an' keep her company. There's a lot of tramps hangin' about these days, an' tain't no proper place for a gal to trail all alone. If I was you I'd be kinder handy down to the bend in case there's any racket there."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the young man excitedly, as he acted on the hint and started off at a run.

After supper Clara loitered about the porch a while in the hope that Will would appear and escort her down the country lane. Finally she started alone, determined to make her call and get back before it was too late in spite of him.

She strode on her way, glancing now and then at the new moon. It was a beautiful country lane with rail fences on both sides, and huge elms, dropping with foliage, fringing the path.

"Hold on a minute, lady," suddenly exclaimed a rough voice at her elbow. "In a big hurry, ain't you? Guess you can find time to talk to a pore man as hasn't had a bite to eat for two days."

The girl turned in terror, and saw a startling figure, clad in garments too ragged to hide the powerful muscles of arms and legs.

"All I want is a quarter and a kiss," said the intruder. "No, you don't git off that way."

As she whirled about to run the man caught her wrist in an iron grip and drew her towards him. A shrill, despairing cry for help burst from the girl's lips.

Then over the fence leaped a young man, his eyes ablaze with wrath. He dashed the tramp to the ground, and the latter, arising, sprang swiftly away.

"My brave Will!" sobbed Clara as she clung to him. "How frightened I was. You won't let him come near me again, will you?"

"It's all right, Clara," he returned. "You are safe with me, darling."

"I am so glad."

"Are you? Then will you let me be your protector always?"

"Always."

As the lovers walked away together Uncle Jasper lifted a grinning face above the fence. "There's different ways of breakin' lilles. Some takes it easy and some is shy, but they all learn to travel in double harness if they ain't spiled by too much coaxin'. Reckon I'd better git home now, or Mandy'll be scared for me."

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Snake-Charmer's Powers.

The Hindu snake-charmer has some extraordinary influence over these reptiles. They are carried about for exhibition purposes in large baskets made for that purpose, and while he plays his "tubli" these serpents are made to perform in various ways. In performing some of these feats the charmer repeatedly breathes into the face of the serpent, and occasionally blows spittle, or some medicated composition, upon them.

Your Winter Coat Is Here

ALL NEW STUNNING STYLES.

Our buyer has just returned from his second Fall trip to New York, where he secured a wonderful assortment of late styles in warm Winter Coats at very marked savings from early prices.

These new garments are arriving by every express, and we are now in a position to offer you a selection from over two hundred remarkable values in both plain and fur trimmed coats. This is the coat-buying opportunity of the year, and wise women will hasten to take advantage of it.

All the new colors of the season, including Beet-root, Plum, Taupe, Peinker, Brown, Black and Navy, tailored from such fashionable fabrics as Boliva, Duvelty Suede Velours, Kerseys, Pom Pom Cloths and Broadcloths at prices from

\$15, \$20, \$25, \$29.50 \$35, \$45 AND UP

An Abundance of New Models in Stylish Silk Dresses, Serge Dresses and Jersey Dresses.

A most interesting collection of exquisite costumes suitable for street, afternoon, dinner, or any social function. Some with bustle backs, drapes, tunics--in an almost limitless selection of models

\$10., \$15., \$16.50, \$19.50, \$22.50, \$25. and up.

New Shipment of Fashionable Furs.

Our buyer was fortunate in securing many most desirable fur scarfs and sets from a manufacturer's sample line, which we offer at prices much less than regular. In the collection you'll find Choice Fox Scarfs, Wolf Scarfs, Red and Cross Fox, Black Lynx and Fox Scarfs and Sets at \$10., \$15., \$20.00, \$25.00, \$29.50, \$35.00 and \$50.00.

Remarkable Reduction Sale of High Priced Trimmed Hats

Taken from our regular stock, and reduced to exactly HALF PRICE--Values up to \$35.00.

The assortment comprises Hats of Velvet--many of which are trimmed with Fresh Flowers, Ribbons and fur ornaments. Newest shapes in all the rich autumn colors.



TWO HUNDRED NEW FALL SUITS

A collection of the very newest and most wanted styles--now offered at prices that emphasize this as the strongest value giving occasion presented this season.

Many models trimmed with Hudson Seal, or with other fashionable furs. Also plain tailored suits, without fur and of the manish type, so modish. Wide selection from only one or two of a style at--

\$19.50 \$25.00 \$29.50 \$35.00

AND UP TO \$29.50

For Best Selection Come Early. Sale Starts Tomorrow.

Welsh & Wiseman Co.

Main and Third Streets.

Danville, Kentucky.

One of Her Irons in the Fire

By ETHEL HOLMES.

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

I have always believed in marriage, domestic life, children, and all that. There is nothing of the strong woman about me. I naturally cling to something stronger than myself; I am one of those stupid creatures whom men usually prefer to women more like themselves. Why they do so I am unable to understand.

I was very fond of Charlie Owens, but Charlie was not much to cling to, and though he loved me I was unwilling to marry him because I feared that poverty would fly in at the door and at the same time love would fly out at the window.

If I was stupid I had sense enough to turn Charlie down. But there my sense ended. I was bound to find someone to cling to, and since I knew no man who wanted me or I wanted, I resorted to an advertisement. Not that I condemn advertising, for I don't know anything about it, but advertising for a husband or a wife is not usually resorted to by persons of good sense.

I received two replies, one from a countryman evidently not highly educated and another from a person who by his chirography, English and evident delicacy I judged to be a gentleman. He signed himself Emory Perkins. He said he knew by the tenor of my advertisement that I was a lady, that he was looking for a wife, and gave no reason why he should not find one through the medium of a newspaper, than any other article he wanted.

Mr. Perkins and I fell into quite a correspondence. He did not seem to be in a hurry to meet me, saying that he was expecting every day to make a lot of money. It would be time enough to meet me when he could offer me a home. This looked a little as if he were one of those men with "grons in the fire," but he was too honorable to proceed with his suit until he could make me comfortable, so I did not drop him. Besides, his letters were delightful.

This was in the third year of the big war and congress had voted a large sum for aviation. All the inventors in the United States were trying to add some improvement to the air machine model which was to be copied in large numbers. One morning I read in a newspaper that someone had produced a substance very light and not inflammable, which was being tested as material for certain parts of the government airplane.

In a letter to him I inclosed the article and joyously accused him of being the inventor referred to. He replied joyously, asking me how I had learned his secret.

At this time Charlie Owens came to see me very seldom. This piqued me, one day on meeting him on the street I asked him why he did not come to see me any oftener. He said that he was very busy. One of the iron in the fire was looming up. He was not sure but that he was about to make a fortune. If he did he would have plenty of time to spend with me. I laughed at him, calling him Johnny Look-in-the-Air. He retorted that it was better to look up than to look down and hurried on.

I was beginning to despair of getting a husband and about to make up my mind to advertise for a position in which I could make my living by my own exertions, when suddenly the situation was completely altered. I saw in a newspaper the announcement that the standard model for the airplanes to be constructed for the government had been decided upon and contracts for hundreds of thousands had been let.

"Well," I remarked, "I dare say some man's iron in the fire has been turned into gold."

Scarcely had I spoken the words when there was a ring at the doorbell and the postman handed in the mail. One of the letters was from my matrimonial correspondent. I opened it and read:

"A matter of business which I have had on hand for some time--an iron in the fire." I muttered to myself--"has materialized, and in case, after meeting, we are suited with each other, I am in a position to offer you a home. I therefore beg that you will grant me an interview."

I caught my breath. Not that I was about to come face to face with a man I had never seen I drew back. All of a sudden it rushed upon me that I was about to give up the only man I loved. I hesitated in case we should not be antagonistic, between this man who was able to provide for me and Charlie Owens, who was always looking in the air for a fortune.

Common sense prevailed over love. I made an appointment for the next evening to receive my matrimonial wooer.

When the doorbell rang sharply at the appointed time, it sent a tremor through me; then a footstep in the hall, and Charlie Owens stood in the doorway.

"Sweetheart," he said, "one of my iron in the fire has brought me a fortune. My airplane material is a success. I shall reap a million; will you share it with me?"

"And you are my correspondent?" I asked.

"Yes, I saw your note containing your advertisement on the table before you posted it."

One of my own "iron in the fire" has materialized. I am engaged to Charlie.

**For Sore Muscles
Stiff Joints
Sprains
use--
Sloan's Liniment**

KILLS PAIN

LOWELL

Mr. Will Childers of Lancaster, made a business trip here Saturday.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Elliott has been christened Glynn.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Kuhlman were visitors in Lexington again Thursday.

Mrs. Joe Boian who has been quite ill the past week is somewhat improved.

Mrs. R. L. Duncan entertained a number of guests at dinner Sunday.

Mrs. R. L. Duncan and mother, attended the corn show in Berea, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Davis and little son, were the guests of her mother, Mrs. Jim Lee.

Mrs. Johmie Brown has returned home after a visit to her son, Richard, near Lancaster.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Brown were week end visitors of her brother, Mr. Albert McKinney of Richmond.

Mrs. Eliza Ralston has returned home after a three weeks visit to her granddaughters near Bryantville.

Mr. John Tudor and family and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Clark spent Sunday with Mr. S. P. Davis and family.

Mr. J. C. Clark and family, Mr. Wm. Clark and Misses Maude and Sallie Lou Clark were guests Sunday of Miss Ida Hurte.

What midlings, mixed feed, bran, oats, hay, corn and haled straw for sale by Hudson, Hughes & Farnout.

Mrs. Elias Smith and daughter, Mrs. Charlie Rogers left Monday for Hendersonville N. C., with the expectation of locating.

Mrs. W. O. Boyle made another trip Monday to the Gibson Infirmary at Richmond, where she has been taking treatment for the past month.